

Children's Newspaper

Every Tuesday—Threepence

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

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COCKNEYS IN CANADA

Ragged Army That Founded a New Nation

CANADA has good cause just now to remember a motley crowd of 2576 poor English folk, mostly Londoners. For just 200 years ago they were crossing the Atlantic in 13 ships to found the city of Halifax in Nova Scotia, the colony that marked the real beginning of British Canada.

They were poverty-stricken people who had simply answered an advertisement which offered grants of land in Nova Scotia, "utensils for husbandry," and free rations from the Government for one year. Quite unfitted for a life in the wilderness, they were accepted and loaded into transports. The little fleet carrying about 3000 people—including soldiers—set sail towards the end of May 1749. Some weeks later they reached Chebucto Harbour, and dropped anchor off the site of the future city of Halifax. June 21, the day when the first ship arrived, is still celebrated in Halifax.

Perils Ahead

The land these London street-dwellers looked on was deceptively beautiful. The forest was gay with wild flowers, haddock were swarming in the bay and salmon up the streams. But awaiting the new arrivals were hardship, disease, savage enemies, and, for many, death.

This little crowd of poor town-folk—men, women, and children—were not the sort to make pioneers. They had no desire for hard work, and many of them intended to live easily for a year on Government rations.

Had it not been for the energy of Colonel Edward Cornwallis, the Governor, a fine type of Englishman, the enterprise might have failed. He was faced with problems that would have made a lesser man give up. He had to unload his ships of stores, get the people to work clearing the

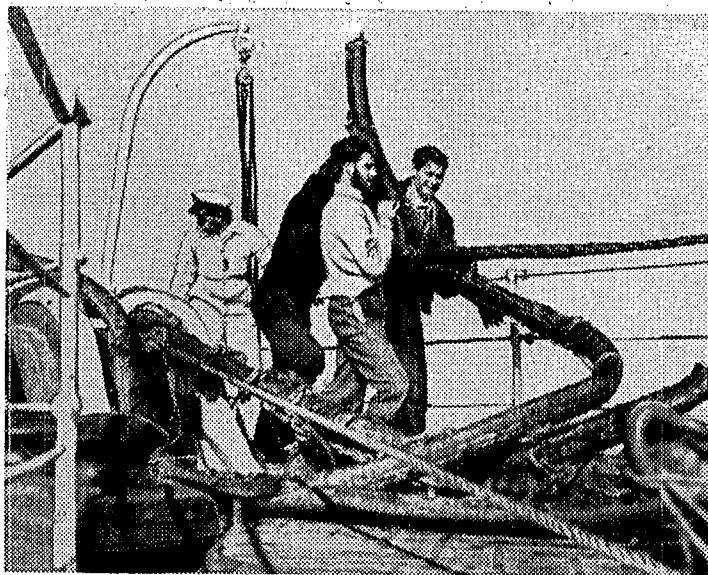
forest, building a defensive stockade, huts for themselves, and a sawmill to cut logs. Above all, he had to try to keep order.

He persuaded them to work by dividing them into companies under their own chosen leaders, and paying them more than the soldiers who worked with them.

He had also to try to secure peace with the neighbouring Indians. He invited their chiefs to a conference to draw up a treaty of friendship, and a party of the savages, hideous in full war-paint, arrived and were taken on board one of the ships. They appeared to agree to the treaty and drew on it their totem signs, a porcupine, a fox, and so on. Then they celebrated the treaty with singing and dancing which an eye-witness called "one continued bellowing and noise."

Continued on page 2

END OF PLUTO'S TALE



THE picture above shows a section of the famous Pluto Pipe Line after it had been hauled up from the sea-bed.

Twice a month the cable ship Empire Taw sails from Dungeness to bring back about a thousand tons of piping, containing about 550 tons of lead. A mile of the pipeline weighs 63 tons. The pipelines, which during the war carried petrol from Britain to the Continent, are being salvaged for their valuable lead and steel.

Only three of the original 21 pipes remain, and already lead worth over a million pounds and 3000 tons of steel have been recovered. The steel armouring wire is used for reinforcing concrete; lead goes to the smelters.

All Their Own Work—School Broadcasters and Printers

THE pictures below show that school nowadays is not all lesson-book and blackboard. The young people in the left-hand picture are engaged in an experiment in learning English at Christ Church Junior Mixed Primary School at Streatham Hill, London. At this school boys and girls aged nine to eleven have formed what is claimed as Britain's first school broadcasting station, called C.C.B.S.

They broadcast from the teacher's room via a loudspeaker to the class-rooms. In their studio is a home-made amplifier

with microphone and a record turntable. Some of them are seen transmitting a story. The producer of the programme is standing on a chair; one of the boys is looking after the sound effects; and two others are handling the control panel.

The children have their own elected radio committee which arranges programmes out of school hours.

The various jobs of announcing, engineering, and so on are all carried out by the boys and girls, as well as most of the work of rehearsal and production.

THE boys and girls in the other picture are working their own printing press. It was given to their school, King's Langley County Secondary, by a local printer.

Some of these boys hope to become printers when they leave school. A girl is setting type by hand and others are proof-reading. One of the boys wears the printer's traditional paper cap!

On this press the boys and girls print the school magazine, The Torch, as well as other literature used by the school.

Rebuke by Machine

WARNING WORKERS

A MACHINE which sternly rebukes factory workers who break rules has been demonstrated at a safety convention in New York.

If a worker lights a cigarette in a danger area the device shouts at him to put it out. If someone starts a machine without the safety-guard in position he is told to get the guard adjusted "while you've still got hands to use."

The machine's "brain" is described by electricians as a "selector," its eye is a photo-electric cell, and its ear is a microphone. The photo-electric cell responds to a ray of light in exactly the same way as the microphone responds to sounds—it transforms the rays it receives into an electric current.

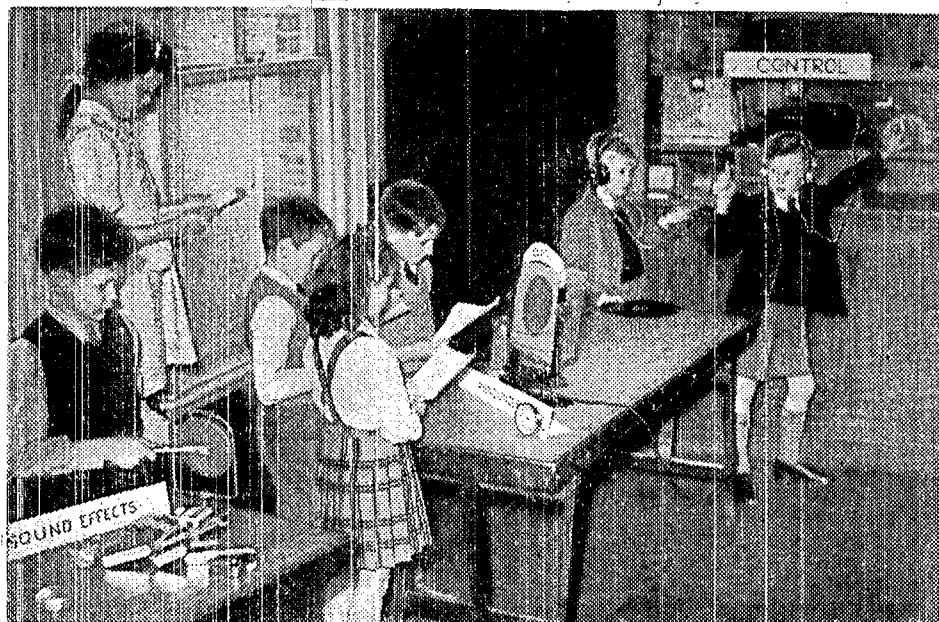
Broken Rays

If these rays are broken—for instance, by a worker who operates a machine without the guard—the current is cut and an automatic gramophone goes into action telling him to "get the guard adjusted."

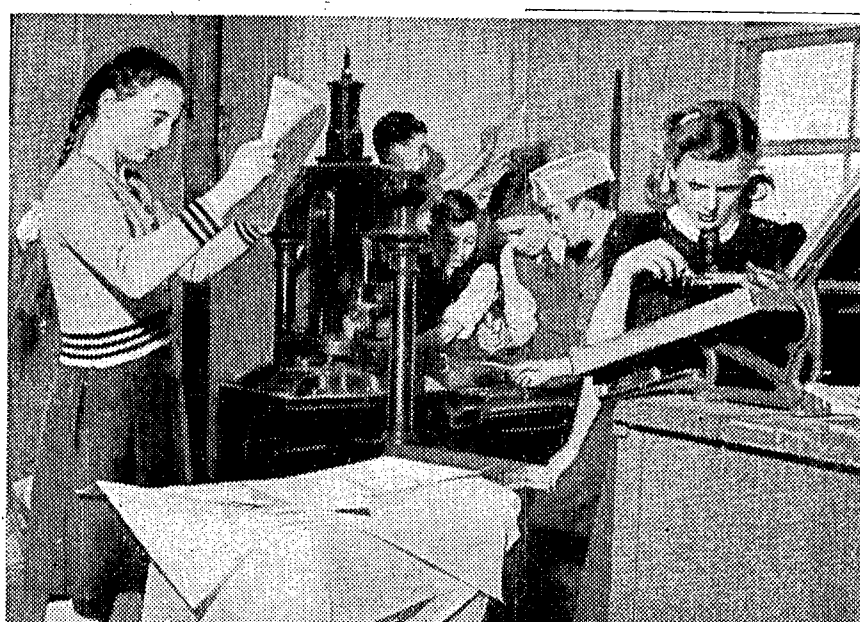
The selector is capable of identifying exactly which rule or safety regulation the worker has broken and selects the appropriate record, with its warning. The microphone is sensitive to the sound given out by the machine the worker is operating, and if this is not being worked correctly a circuit is broken and the worker is advised what to do.

UPLIFTING

SOME people in Bremen got a rise the other day without asking for it. They were sitting in a car when an ancient turtle, fugitive from a circus, crawled underneath and lifted it up. We do not know if the turtle answers to the name of Jack.



Britain's first school broadcasting station—C.C.B.S



Boy and girl printers at work at King's Langley

India and Pakistan Plan Their Future

ALL of us today are watching Asia, where, in its vast areas, the homes of hundreds of millions of people, events of deep significance are now taking place.

The civil war in China, now reaching its climax springs to mind as such an event, but not everywhere is history being written by the sword. In India and Pakistan, the two neighbours in a vast sub-continent of over 1½ million square miles, it is the future organisation of Government that is taxing the skill of members of the Constituent Assemblies.

The desire of India to constitute a "sovereign democratic Republic" and yet to remain in the British Commonwealth of Nations was discussed at the recent Commonwealth Conference in London. The proposed solution, as already reported by C.N., was that India accepted the King as the symbol of the free association of members of the Commonwealth, and as such as the Head of the Commonwealth. This solution has now been accepted by the Indian Constituent Assembly.

The questions of political status, as they are technically termed, are only a part of the work of making a nation's constitution, and from the citizens' point of view perhaps not the most important. The Indian draft Constitution, for example, prohibits discrimination on the grounds of religion, race, caste, or sex. This is of practical importance to millions of Indians because the degradation of the lower castes has been one of the darkest blots on their country.

Islamic Democracy

Pakistan's draft Constitution on its part stresses the Islamic nature of the country and underlines its religious aspects in all matters affecting her political and social welfare. Speaking of democracy, for instance, the draft Constitution accepts neither the Western nor the Russian idea of democracy, but speaks of "Islamic democracy," according to the principles of the Koran.

COCKNEYS IN CANADA

Continued from page 1

Poor Cornwallis had no one to advise him of the Red Men's ways. The peace treaty had not been drawn up according to their own custom, and they returned to their tribes to boast that they had won their war-paint in the face of an English chief and had actually carried out a war dance on the desk of his "thunder-ship."

Before long some of the settlers—including the Governor's own gardener—lost their scalps, and, in fact, for eleven years the pioneers had to suffer from ferocious Indian raids. There was trouble, too, with the Indians' friends, the Acadians, descendants of the earlier French settlers who considered that Acadia, as they called Nova Scotia, was their land.

However, the settlement slowly took shape and when the winter of 1749 approached about half of the settlers had huts ashore, crude shelters made of logs and saplings, and the rest were still living in the ships. They called this clearing in the forest Halifax, after Lord Halifax, head of

These points help to show how the ancient and great nations of the East are trying to shape their destiny to face modern conditions. But the drafting of political and social rules in the Constitutions is only a part of the task. Equally important are the lines of their economic development so as to help in providing food, clothing, and shelter for the hundreds of millions of their citizens.

It is clear to both India and Pakistan that without a great spurt in industrialisation, improvement of agriculture, and betterment in education, they will be unable to provide a livelihood for their populations.

New Works

Happily for both States, much has already been done since the declaration of independence in August 1947. Of the two countries India is more industrialised having retained most of the large installations erected under the British rule and largely with the help of British skill and capital. But since 1947 more works have been projected, especially hydro-electric and irrigation schemes; there are also plans to expand the already large textile and steel industries.

The major handicap in providing better conditions of life in India is illiteracy, for at present only 13 persons in 100 can read. The Indian Government, however, hopes that by 1959 most Indians will be literate. The spread of knowledge through technical education in agriculture, engineering, and so on will then be possible.

In Pakistan the problems are very much the same, though the road to fuller industrialisation is much longer, the country being almost entirely agricultural.

Both India and Pakistan are working hard in all spheres to use their newly-won independence to the best advantage of their numerous citizens.

the Board of Trade in England, who had done much to promote the colonising venture.

Then typhus struck these exiled Cockneys and during the winter about 1000 of them died. The loss was made up by the coming of American settlers from New England, tough descendants of the early Puritan emigrants.

Unhappily, less desirable persons came to the brand-new town—purveyors of cheap rum; and drunkenness and lawlessness were other evils with which the doughty Cornwallis had to contend. He was helped by the religious influence which was also at work. Soon after their arrival the Londoners had started building a church of oak and pine, modelling it on Marylebone Church, back in London. They called it St Paul's, and it was destined to become the mother of the Church of England in Canada. The following years, 1750, it was opened.

Thus a few hundred obscure and humble people laid the foundation of a new British nation. We all are proud to remember them after 200 years.

A LOST WORLD IN KENSINGTON

FINE service to the public is being given by the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, in these days. Recently a film was shown there of Conan Doyle's imaginative story about extinct giant reptiles, *The Lost World*, followed by lectures.

This demonstration was organised by Dr W. E. Swinton, keeper of fossil reptiles at the Museum, because so many people had written to him, after hearing *The Lost World* broadcast as a serial by the BBC, to ask if such reptiles still exist in any part of the world, whether an expedition had ever been made to find them, and whether the reptiles made the horrifying noises "recorded."

The last question was rather difficult for Dr Swinton to answer, as the evening song of the pterodactyl and the love-call of the tyrannosaurus had not been heard for many millions of years! But he had the idea of demonstrating to the public what these creatures were like, and he borrowed for four days the old silent film of *The Lost World* from the Wallace Heaton film library. It was made in 1924, just 100 years after the first dinosaur remains were discovered in Sussex.

Giant Reptiles

The story is about the discovery by explorers of a vast plateau in unknown central Brazil on which giant reptiles still existed. Those in the film were cleverly constructed models, made to move, and they were so realistic that when the film was first shown in 1925, people in the audiences fainted! Recent post-war audiences at the Museum were more "hard-boiled."

Though the models were instructive, they were not quite accurate, as Dr Swinton and Miss Mona Edwards pointed out in their lectures. The film pterodactyl was shown flapping its wings, whereas, Miss Edwards said, it was a glider pure and simple, and had to sit on a rock waiting for a favourable air-current before it could "take off."

When Natal Was Young

A SPECIAL stamp has been issued in South Africa to commemorate the arrival in Durban Bay, in 1849, of the emigrant ship *Wanderer*, with British settlers for what was then a new Colony, Natal.

The coming of 4500 emigrants from England in the years 1848-51 marked the real beginning of



Natal as a predominantly British province, though Boer settlers had in previous years come into the new land by way of the Drakensberg mountains.

In Pietermaritzburg, the "Capital of Natal, a week of celebrations is being held. Some of the citizens have grown beards in order to represent Voortrekkers (early Boer pioneers) in the pageants which are to be held.

A B C Picture Competition

Names of chief prize-winners will be given next week.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

COMICAL CUCKOO

From St Helens, Isle of Wight, comes news of a cuckoo which utters several "cuck-cuck-oos," then one or two ordinary "cuck-oos," and finishes with two croaky "cuck-cucks" without the "oo."

An exhibition showing *Scouting in the Colonies* is to be held at Imperial Headquarters of The Boy Scouts Association at Buckingham Palace Road beginning June 20.

A BBC television programme has been seen at Dar-es-Salaam, Tanganyika.



One of the competitors in the archery festival held at St Emilion, France, takes careful aim at the "popinjay."

The 85th birthday of composer Richard Strauss, on June 11, is being celebrated with festivals and gala performances in Paris, Zurich, and Vienna.

Incomparable Heroism

The V C has been awarded posthumously to Lieutenant George Albert Cairns for his deathless courage in Burma in 1944. His arm was cut off by a Japanese officer, but Lieutenant Cairns killed him, seized his sword and, attacking the enemy with it, inspired his men to rout the Japanese before he himself fell and died.

Louis Sellier, the man who sounded the "Cease Fire" on November 11, 1918, has died at Belfort, Eastern France.

The membership of the National Association of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs has risen to 153,000 in 2300 clubs.

The Girls' Life Brigade are having a Rally and Display at the Royal Albert Hall on Saturday, June 11—at 2.30 and 6.30.

PLASTIC PORTRAIT

A unique portrait of General Eisenhower has been unveiled at the American Embassy. It is a framed carving in a hard black plastic material raised on a white ground.

A seismograph to assist in pinpointing volcanic disturbances in the southern Pacific has been taken to Macquarie Island, 1000 miles south of Australia.

Annette Payne of Southampton, aged twelve months, has all her first teeth—20.

Vancouver has had its first opera. It was produced by "remote control" by the stage manager of the Royal Opera House, London, 5000 miles away.

The Old Coach

Mat Wright, who has just died, was cricket coach at Eton College for over fifty years. Among his pupils were three England captains, two kings, and many other famous people.

A new trawler for Lowestoft has a dummy funnel, for use as a drying room for the crew. It is the first trawler so equipped.

A dollar-earning order from the United States for 1,175,000 table-tennis balls has been placed with a factory at Highams Park.

A tomb of Neolithic or early Bronze Age, with a skeleton, has been found near Laugharne Castle, Carmarthenshire, during excavating on a housing site.

TREASURE ISLAND

The Scarborough Corporation have a new holiday attraction for children this year. A replica of the pirate ship *Hispaniola* in Stevenson's *Treasure Island* will carry the children to another "Treasure Island" in Scarborough Mere; helping to man the ship will be "Jim Hawkins"—15-year-old Harry Moore, a sea cadet.

A new edition of Shakespeare's works just published in Russia has beautiful illustrations by leading Russian painters.

Cataracts discovered in Venezuela, South America, are higher than any previously known.

Mr John Scott Henderson, K C, is to be chairman of a Government-appointed committee to inquire into practices or activities which might involve cruelty to British wild mammals, whether at large or in captivity.

Hallo!

First telephone exchange was recently installed on Alderney, Channel Islands.

The Royal Greenwich Observatory has been presented by the trustees of the McGregor Fund, University of Michigan, with a 98-in diameter Pyrex glass disc, valued at £20,000, for use in the Isaac Newton telescope.

Joey, 45-year-old parrot at Notting Hill Gate, London, has laid seven eggs. Now it is Josephine.

The British and Egyptian Governments have agreed to the construction of a dam at Owen Falls, Uganda, which is to produce hydro-electric power and control the Nile waters. The Egyptian Parliament have voted £4,500,000 towards the scheme and Uganda's preliminary payment will be about £7,500,000.

SUPERSTITIOUS

Because the Fishery Protection vessel, HMS *Squirrel*, with a crew of 13, kept running into foul weather, she went to Portsmouth and "signed on" a 14th member of the crew—a kitten named Oscar. After that the weather was reported to be better!

A ten-foot python on the way from Edinburgh Zoo to Belle Vue, Manchester, escaped from the train at Lancaster Station and slid along the platform. It was caught by the station staff.

CORRECTION

The British Schools in Germany are under the authority of the Foreign Office and the Service Departments, and not of the Ministry of Education as stated in a recent C.N.

The Bodleian Library, Oxford, has received a bequest of a hundred medieval manuscripts from J. P. R. Lyell, of Abingdon. They include a Græco-Latin version of the Gospel of St Matthew.

The Children's Newspaper, June, 4, 1947.

A SPRINTER IN STEPNEY

DOWN at the Arbour Youth Club in Stepney the lads are already looking forward to the summer, for Nick Stacey, famous Oxford University sprinter, plans to spend part of his vacation with them, as he did last year.

The boys like nothing better than to get out on the Victoria Park running track with Stacey; and they attribute much of their success at the Stepney Borough Sports last year to his training.

Naturally the boys are keen supporters of Nick Stacey in his own athletic career, and a large contingent of them cheered him to the echo when he won the 220 yards for Oxford University against Cambridge at the White City on March 12. There was an additional cheer when it was announced that he had set up a new University record of 22.3 seconds for the event.



Snail's Pace

This new steel British toy, the Mobo Snail, moves along as the young rider rocks to and fro.

Livingstone's First Journey

JUST a century ago—on June 1, 1849—David Livingstone set out on his first big journey in Africa. From his little mission house at Kolobeng in Bechuanaland he accompanied two travellers, Murray and Oswell, across a part of the Kalahari Desert in search of the mysterious Lake Ngami. This gave him the taste and excitement of African exploration which lasted on all his life.

He started out on horseback through the long grass, and then into sandy country with patches of bush and open forest. The party turned northward to the dreaded Kalahari Desert, abounding in poisonous snakes and scorpions. When they came to the soft sand the journey grew more difficult; one wagon sank up to the axles in sand, and only constant shouting and cracking of the long whips kept the oxen pulling.

Lack of water was the chief trouble. Once Livingstone heard a frog croak and he called it the "pleasantest music in Africa," for the croak led to the discovery of a small pool of water.

After six weeks the party came to the Zouga river which flows out of Lake Ngami. For 200 miles they followed the stream, and they were the first Europeans to see the lake, since reduced to little more than a big marsh. It was at Lake Ngami that Livingstone dreamed one of his dreams of a navigable waterway running through Africa.

When he got back to his mission station Livingstone immediately started to write down his observations and impressions. For this work the Geographical Society gave him £25, a sum he spent on the special watch which helped in finding the longitude of his position in his later journeys.

ROY GOES HOME

THE story of a white pomeranian dog that was lost two years ago has had a happy ending.

Roy had been the pet of the Gallagher family in Glasgow for five years when he went out one day without his collar and got lost. The Gallaghers searched the neighbourhood, but in vain, and 16-year-old Mary gave up hope of seeing him again.

But about the same time, in another district of Glasgow, Harry Cowan found a muddy little dog wandering about in the street. He took it in, fed it, and gave it a bath. Then he reported his find to the police and handed the wanderer over to the Cat and Dog Home.

After a few weeks, as Roy was still unclaimed, the Cowan family were given the custody of him, calling him "Sandy." They kept him for two years, and then one day when Harry was walking in the Downhill district with the dog, a woman came running out of a garden gate and called "That's our dog!" It was Mrs Gallagher.

The dog looked a bit puzzled at first, but then he remembered his old friend, and a little while later he was back in his former home again, much to the delight of the Gallaghers, and especially of Mary.

HIS DUTY DONE

NOR long ago a small ginger-headed boy ran up to a policeman at the gate of Northolt Airport and exclaimed breathlessly: "Excuse me, Mister, but your airport's on fire!"

The policeman found that an extensive patch of grass close to the airport was burning—probably some careless person had thrown away a cigarette-end there.

The fire brigade were summoned and they took about 20 minutes to put out the fire. Then they looked round for the public-spirited lad who had given the alarm. But, strange to relate, he had disappeared.

Hare on the Hearthrug

IT must be a strange sight to see a man with a hare on his knee, feeding it on bread and milk. Yet anyone walking in Mr C. Hicks's house, Wisbech, Cambridgeshire, round about supper time, might well see just that.

Mr Hicks found the hare when it was a baby, and now it shares the hearthrug with his Alsatian dog, begs for its meals and drinks out of a cup like many another four-legged pet.

William Cowper has immortalised his pet hare in poetry and prose, but his Tiney's partner was the "gentler Puss."

More Queer Nesting Sites

FROM all over the country have come stories of the strange places in which birds have chosen to build their nests.

The CN told recently of an oyster catcher's noisy nesting site on the railway near Skipton. That brave bird was killed by a passing train 18 days after she had laid her eggs.

At Ipswich robins have hatched their eggs in the saddle-bag of Mr E. Dray's bicycle; and at Trumpington, Cambridgeshire, a family of thrushes are flourishing in a mobile exhibition carrier.

The letter box on Mr and Mrs S. A. Overton's gate at Bourne, Lincs, is proving to be a very popular nesting place as, for the fourth year in succession, a blue tit has built a nest there.

From Thetford comes the news of a very charming nest built by a finch from forget-me-nots.

But surely a blackbird has chosen the most dangerous home of all for its nest—inside the wooden shed of Mahan, Whipsnade's Indian rhinoceros!

BREWSTER'S PAMPHLETS

LOST for nearly a century, one of the rarest books in the world—three pamphlets bound in one volume—has been found in a parcel of second-hand books.

The pamphlets were printed "underground" at Leyden in 1618-19, and published by William Brewster, one of the leading Pilgrim Fathers.

THREE BABY BEARS

This little visitor was glad of the assistance of the keeper when she tried to take Pug, Tug, and Snug, the 4-months-old bear cubs, for a walk at the London Zoo.



BABY WAS UNMOVED

ONLOOKERS in Perth stood aghast the other day when Charlie, a circus elephant out on his daily exercise stroll, suddenly made for an unattended pram in which a baby lay asleep. Before his two attendants could prevent him, Charlie playfully coiled his long trunk round the hood of the pram and crushed it.

At this dramatic moment baby woke up, but instead of screaming with fright calmly surveyed the huge head looming over the pram—and dropped off to sleep again. Charlie was then led back to the circus in disgrace.

Kiwi at School

THE children in the old nursery rhyme who were so amused at seeing Mary's little lamb at school would have been delighted with the pet kiwi which has been cared for at the Oakura (O-a-ku-ra) School in New Zealand.

This kiwi was caught in a trap set for opossums in the forests on the slopes of Mt Egmont, the lofty extinct volcano that forms a background to the seaport of New Plymouth. Fortunately it was none the worse for the experience, and when the last mail left New Zealand it was still being cared for at the school.

FLUORESCENT FLEET

THE Royal Navy is to have fluorescent lighting. As the ordinary long tubes associated with fluorescent lighting are unsuitable, owing to the congestion of pipes and so on, a special design of light, incorporating two 24-inch tubes enclosed by a diffusing bowl, is to be used. These lights will be suitably placed on board ship, and will be an improvement on the present lighting.

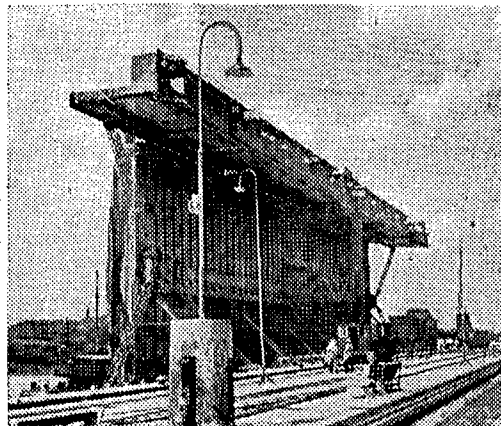
LOST LIGHT

YOUNG Englishmen who have settled in New Zealand recently say they are happy in their work but that they have lost something. In their first summer in the Dominion they have missed Britain's long twilight, so useful for outdoor recreation when the day's work is over.

ON END THROUGH THE PANAMA CANAL

THIS US Navy dry dock was obliged to travel through the Panama Canal in this rather undignified posture because it was 16 feet too wide to be towed through the locks floating in the normal manner of dry docks.

The dock was tilted up on to one of its sides, with the part that usually lies flat on the water rising 110 feet high and looking like a huge wall. It is seen here in Pedro Miguel locks, where a 30-foot difference in levels has to be overcome at one end of Lake Miraflores. The men below have no fear of its losing its balance.



Another Record For Denis?

IT will be "House Full" at Lord's this weekend when Middlesex meet Sussex, for this match is the long-awaited benefit of the great Denis Compton.

Last summer Cyril Washbrook, the Lancashire and England opening batsman, received just over £14,000 as his reward for many years of consistent batting. But even that wonderful record may be beaten when Denis Compton's benefit figures are complete.

Denis, who is 31, made his debut for Middlesex in 1936. A year later he gained a place in England's Test team against the New Zealanders, and has since never been missing from an England eleven. In seven home seasons, two overseas tours and a few war-time games, he has scored over 20,000 runs, taken 250 wickets, and made 150 catches.

No cricketer is better liked than this unspoiled Middlesex and England all-rounder. May the sun shine its brightest throughout Denis Compton's benefit match!

TIRED CHAMPION

WHEN Richard Gonzales, American tennis champion, boarded a plane for London the other day he was looking forward to a long sleep on the journey.

He had well deserved it, for earlier that day, in the California Tennis Championships, he had played in a doubles match of which the score was 36-34, 3-6, 4-6, 6-4, 19-17. He will long remember that triumphant 135th game.

Small Vessel's Big Voyage

A 60-foot RAF pinnae has completed a voyage of 900 miles across the Bay of Bengal, from Galle, Ceylon, to Sabang, off the north coast of Sumatra, in four days. Thence it journeyed another 300 miles, in a day and a half, to Butterworth RAF station on the west coast of Malaya.

The pinnae was commanded by Squadron-Leader G. F. L. Coates of Aberdeen, navigator in the Discovery II and the William Scoresby during their expeditions to the Antarctic from 1937 to 1939.

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CN ZOO CORRESPONDENT TELLS US THAT...

Children Give Warning in Zoo Escapades

ESCAPES from London Zoo occur much less frequently nowadays, and one reason for this, I think, is the ever-growing popularity of the Gardens. With more visitors about, fugitives are quickly spotted—often by alert-eyed children—and timely warning is given to the keepers.

Two instances occurred recently. In one, some young visitors in the North Garden saw Jill, a North American turkey, fly out of her paddock and promptly told the keepers, with the result that three men were soon in hot pursuit. Even so, the turkey led them a pretty dance.

Jill ran towards the north entrance gate, and there, on seeing the gatekeeper barring her path, she "took off," flew over the turnstiles, and winged her way up the Albert Road to St Mark's Church, around which, for the next few minutes, she played a spirited game of hide-and-seek with the men—until, on being nearly caught, she again flew off. This time the turkey came down in the Zoo stores yard, where the timekeeper, spotting her and guessing she was a fugitive from captivity, trapped her in a storeroom.

Just in Time

A few minutes later Headkeeper Stimpson and his men arrived, breathless, and, taking Jill into custody, clipped a few of the turkey's flight feathers. Then he went to thank the children who had warned him of the turkey's escapade. "But for the early warning they gave, we might have lost Jill altogether," he told me.

No less alert and resourceful were two small girls who, some days later, noticed a large East African crowned crane about to get out of its ostrich-house paddock. Seeing the bird standing on the fence-top, vigorously flapping its wings, they ran for Headkeeper Hexter, who came along at speed. On observing her guardian, the crane flapped down on to the main pathway, up and down which it began running, chased hotfoot by the keeper!

The crane had no better fortune than the turkey. Turning a corner by the reptile house the bird tripped over a heap of stones and went sprawling! Mr Hexter saw his chance, and took it. Dashing in, he soon carried his quarry, and carried it indoors.

Banana-Borne

However, the menagerie's most exciting story this week comes, I think, from the insect house, where the oddest thing has happened. A bunch of bananas sent up there by a City fruit merchant, who had just received the fruit from the West Indies, has produced a very unusual insect family.

Adhering to the banana skins were scores of small objects not unlike melon pips, which the merchant at first took to be seeds of some kind. Mr L. C. Bushby, the Zoo's curator of insects, however, recognised the piplike objects as the eggs of the long-horned grasshopper, and placed the bananas, undisturbed, in a warm cage. Within a few hours, the eggs began to hatch. At the moment of writing they are still

hatching, and so far there are about 50 living baby grasshoppers! Bright green and brown in hue, and very lively, these unexpected Zoo babies are feeding well on hawthorn leaves and apple.

"The species is a large tropical one, mature specimens measuring quite two inches and, so far as we know, has never been bred before in this country," Mr Bushby told me. "If they thrive, as seems likely, we shall put them all in a large cage in which they can show visitors their amazing jumping powers," he added.

C. H.

POPULAR KORFBALL

TEAMS representing Britain and Belgium will play a Korfball match in London on Whit Monday.

This game originated in Holland and can best be described as partly netball and partly handball. Played by mixed teams of men and women, it is very popular in the Low Countries and is rapidly gaining favour in Britain, mainly because of good will visits between British and Continental clubs since the war.

Quite a number of clubs have adopted Korfball, and it was recently announced that eight Cambridge colleges had taken up the game.

Students' Fun in Sydney

GATE-CRASHERS

THE young people of Sydney University, Australia, have an unofficial "egg-cup competition for the best prank of the year," and we may be sure that the best is one that does not involve hurting or embarrassing anyone.

Seven of the students recently carried out such a prank. They undertook to get in without tickets to the premiere of the film, Eureka Stockade, which tells the story of the revolt of the Ballarat miners in 1854.

The premiere was to be carried out in Hollywood style; all the tickets for it were allocated, and it therefore seemed hopeless for any ticketless persons to be present. But the students discovered that some of the film-actors, dressed in their costumes, were to travel to the premiere in a coach of the 1854 period. So, on the day, behind the coach with the film-actors, came a wagon drawn by two horses, and in the wagon were seven young men wearing the beards and dress of mid-19th-century miners.

Everyone thought they were part of the show and cheered them. No one stopped them as they entered behind the official party. They took part in the festivities and when at last they revealed that they were "gate-crashers" they were forgiven for their resourcefulness.

They deserved the egg-cup.

A Scientific Correspondent talks about the...

SEARCH FOR A NEW SOURCE OF FOOD

ONE of the most pressing problems that faces science is that of finding new ways of producing food. At present practically all the food we get is grown or reared on the land in the form of cereals, vegetables, and livestock such as pigs, cows, sheep, and poultry; but the peoples are increasing faster than the earth's ability to produce their food, and unless some other source is found the situation is bound to become desperate in the next 50 years or so.

That is why scientists are paying much attention to a mysterious and marvellous substance called chlorophyll, the

green colouring matter in plants which enables them to convert the energy which they receive from light into chemical energy to build themselves up. The process by which they do this is known as photo-synthesis, and if we could discover exactly how it is done we might be able to manufacture food in any quantity we like instead of having to grow it.

But the secret of chlorophyll still eludes the scientists. They have been trying to unravel it for a hundred years. They know what happens, but they do not know exactly how it happens.

A plant takes in a quantity of carbon dioxide from the air, a little water together with a few lifeless minerals from the ground, and then by means of light and its own store of chlorophyll converts these ingredients into living tissue and palatable foods. Chlorophyll transforms the dross of the earth into this living tissue more swiftly than the chemist, with all his knowledge and complicated apparatus, can analyse the process.

In Nature's Laboratory

One sunlight particle strikes it, and instantly the tenacious water molecule, which we break down into oxygen and hydrogen only with difficulty, is torn apart. So, too, is the carbon dioxide molecule. Building blocks of the three elements, carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen are then whipped at lightning speed into carbonic acid, from this into formic acid, from this into a substance called formaldehyde, from that into grape sugar, and from sugar into the starch essential to animal life.

How does the plant do it? To find the answer to that question special research centres have been set up in almost every civilised country. Living plants are subjected to all sorts of treatment in these laboratories. The action of chlorophyll is studied under electron microscopes. Minute quantities of radio-active materials which reveal their presence by continually throwing off energy, are used to "trace" what chlorophyll does.

It has been found that this wonderful substance absorbs and uses the sun's violet, blue, orange, and red rays, but not the green.

An Exciting Discovery

More exciting was the discovery that there was a close similarity between chlorophyll and haemoglobin, an important part of human blood. The one significant difference in the two is that the hub of every haemoglobin molecule is one atom of iron, while in chlorophyll it is one atom of magnesium.

Now the whole of mankind and every animal depend for their existence on this puzzling process. There would be no plants if it did not go on ceaselessly. And if there were no plants there would be no animals, for they would have nothing on which to feed. Truly, all flesh is grass!

Without animals or plants mankind would have no food, either. But if we could duplicate this marvellous process by which plants make food from light, we could make our food artificially.

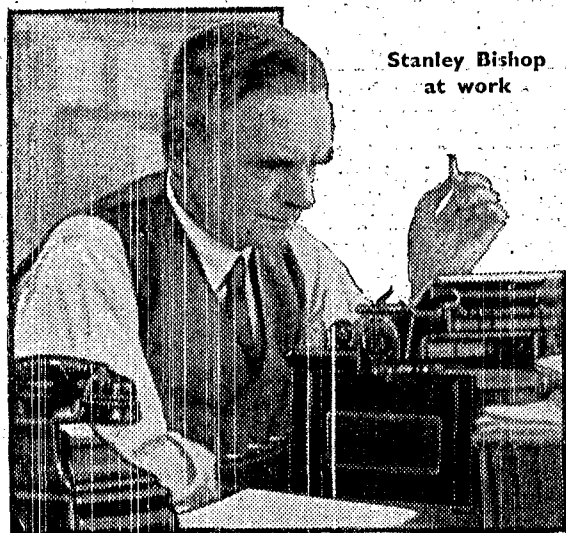


Lesson in Grace

If a young dancer is to be a ballerina of the future she must pay close attention to her teacher. These students at a Teddington, Middlesex, dancing class are taking the first steps in the right direction.

The Children's Newspaper, June 4, 1949

OTHER PEOPLE'S JOBS—Alan Ivimey has a chat with Fleet Street's Senior . . .



Stanley Bishop
at work

NEWSPAPER REPORTER

the Jewish terrorists blew it up. During the war he was one of the first reporters to go to France, being accredited to the RAF as a pilot officer—the lowest commissioned rank. But he actually went out as a

Bishop was told to follow Paulhan, a famous ace of those pioneer days, and went hurrying off to Hendon to see him start. Then he went by car to Willesden Junction, where a special train was waiting, including a saloon coach fitted with a speedometer. Paulhan's idea was to follow the railway line to Manchester and the train set off, full speed ahead, and caught up the little aeroplane near Rugby.

"We could see it through the windows, about 400 feet up, with Paulhan at the rudder-bar and nothing but a few bits of stick and string under him—and the elevator plane sticking out in front like the neck of a stork."

Paulhan came down at Lichfield, amid great excitement, and started off again at dawn next morning, eventually reaching Manchester in triumph. Bishop wrote a minute-to-minute diary of the flight, with constant glances at the speedometer. And the train had to keep on slowing down in order to keep pace with the aeroplane!

WHEN he was on the Daily Express Bishop had to go to Holland, just after the First World War, to interview the Kaiser's son, Crown Prince Wilhelm—popularly known as Little Willie. The prince was living in

THE hardest thing about interviewing a Fleet Street reporter is to catch him. He is liable to be off anywhere at a moment's notice. But I ran mine to earth at last, one morning; and it was Stanley Bishop, acknowledged as Fleet Street's senior reporter.

He is about as little like the "type" reporter of stage or screen as you could imagine; a quiet, grey-haired man whose blue eyes look attentively at you, in a kindly sort of way, from under craggy eyebrows and the turned-down brim of his hat.

When the reporter gets to the newspaper office in the morning, his first job is to see the News Editor and find out what story he has to chase today. This, as Bishop pointed out, may mean a five-minute's stroll to the Law Courts, or a dash by plane to anywhere in the world.

HAVING got to wherever it is, the reporter uses his paper's organisation to reach the actual scene of his work; and to get inside, say, police cordons at accidents or strikes, or Cup Finals; past sentries or secretaries, and through every kind of closed door; or through huge crowds to a spot marked *Press Box*. As "Bish" said, "It's a job where you always get a front-row seat, and are paid for having it."

It all has to be done at top speed, too, so that no other paper beats him to the early editions. The printing press is what he feeds, and that giant of a machine is hungry—and eats very quickly. He telephones his story whenever possible and there is a trained staff at his office to type it straight away as they listen to him.

Stanley Bishop was covering the troubles in Palestine and was actually inside the King David Hotel at Jerusalem when

wing-commander—"the quickest promotion on record," he added, laughing.

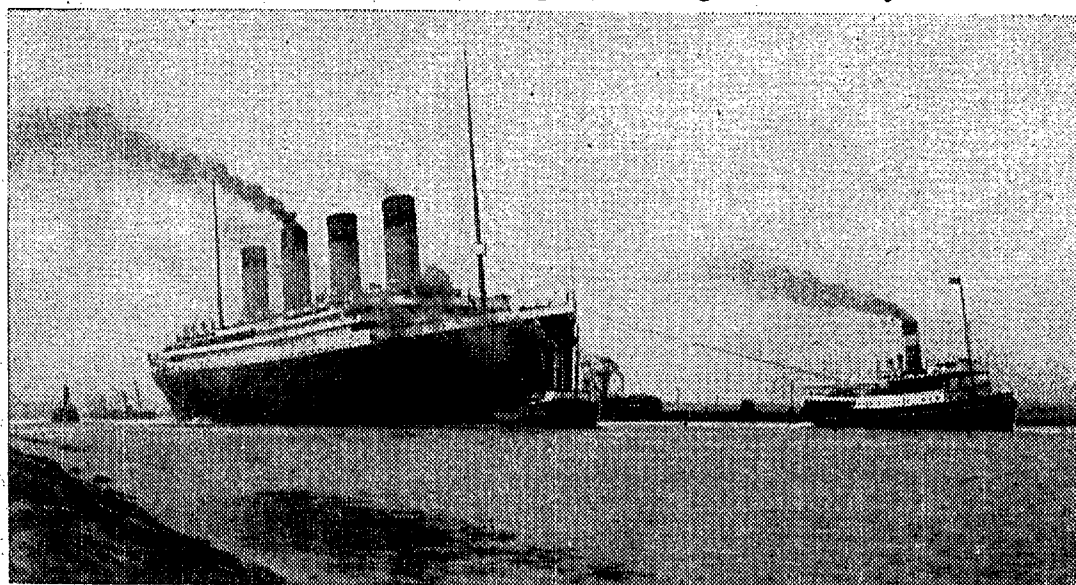
ONCE, before the war, Stanley Bishop had to go to Paris to interview the Queen of Spain.

"A room had been booked for me," he said, "at a very smart hotel, and, as I was going to meet a queen I thought I ought to have my trousers pressed. So, when I went to bed, I handed them to a valet. In the morning, when I rang the bell, it appeared that this particular valet was having the day off and no one knew where he was—or my trousers, either. A rather haughty reception clerk explained through the telephone that they were hardly used to the sort of guests who only had one pair. At last I managed to borrow some evening dress trousers from a journalist friend. Only the rest of my suit was brown. However, I wore an overcoat and saw the queen all right."

Stanley Bishop was at the farewell ceremony at Southampton when the great new liner Titanic, the pride of the Merchant Navy, put to sea on her first, and last, voyage.

"When she had sailed and we had waved good-luck to her," said Bishop, "we all went to a special lunch given in honour of the occasion. In the middle of it, the table collapsed, a most extraordinary event, and someone said, 'That means bad luck to the ship.' A few days later we heard that she had hit an iceberg and sunk."

PERHAPS his most exciting story was in the early days of flying, when the Daily Mail offered a £10,000 prize for a flight from London to Manchester. The aircraft were little more than big box-kites with motorcycle engines.



Above: First and last voyage of the Titanic. Below: Paulhan's machine after he had landed at Lichfield



Wreckage of the King David Hotel, Jerusalem

exile on an island in the Zuider-Zee and the permission of the Dutch Foreign Office had to be obtained for the visit. Bishop was given a letter to the Burgomaster of the island, and put it in his pocket. It was only after he had got his interview with the closely-guarded prince, that he remembered the letter and opened it, on his way home. The letter contained strict instructions that on no account was Mr Bishop to be allowed anywhere near His Royal Highness.

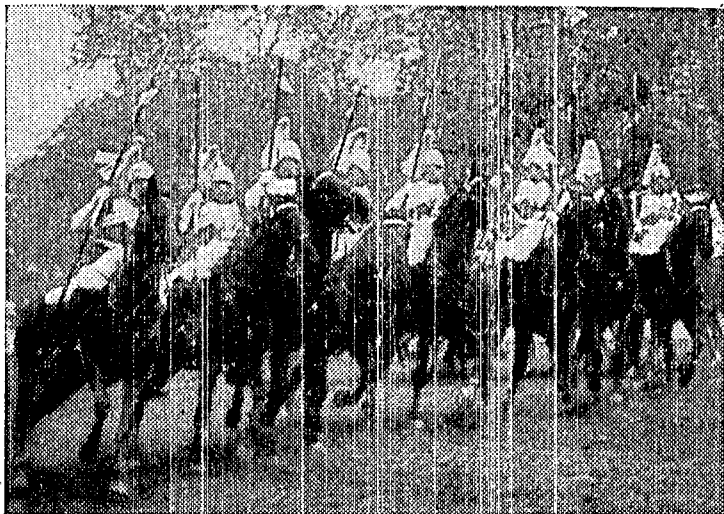
STANLEY BISHOP began his reporting career on a suburban paper in London, having left a first job in a furnishing store to realise his ambition. For he always wanted to be on a newspaper. From the age of 18 to 21 he got his training, writing up local church bazaars, literary societies' lectures, flower-shows, and police-court cases. Then he

saw an advertisement for a young reporter, answered it, was called for an interview and found himself on the staff of the Daily Mail. But he was employed, as they called it in those days, "on space." That is, he was only paid for what was actually used in the paper.

"My first week I earned £4 2s 6d—riches I thought it."

Like most reporters, Stanley Bishop has worked for several different papers in his time, including the Daily Express, the Sunday Express, and the Daily Herald. It has always been that "front-row seat," and his story has enabled the reader to feel that he was looking over the reporter's shoulder when he wrote it.

"Well," he said, at last, "I think you've got about enough now. I must get back to the office—for the next story."



Cavalry in the Park

Troopers of the Household Cavalry make a stirring sight as they rehearse in Hyde Park, London, for the Royal Tournament.

Sugar From Cuba's Fertile Fields

When Marshall Aid dollars that were intended for the purchase of Canadian wheat, Britain is now, it is reported, to buy 350,000 tons of Cuban cane sugar.

Cuba, with its annual production of more than five million tons, is sometimes referred to as the world's sugar bowl. It was Columbus who introduced the sugar cane there, though indirectly, on his second visit to the Americas. He caused it to be planted first in San Domingo, but for lack of suitable labour the project failed.

Then it was tried in Cuba, and so successful did the venture prove that Philip the Second of Spain granted loans for the establishment of sugar mills on the island. The industry was fortunate, too, in that certain Dutch fugitives from Brazil, experienced in sugar growing, settled in Cuba. With their knowledge, and abundant slave labour, Cuba's sugar trade became pre-eminent.

Cuba had a rival, however, in the British West Indies, where sugar was being produced also by slave labour. But competition from that quarter was removed early in the 19th century, when Britain abolished slavery. To many West Indies plantation owners that meant ruin, but it had to come.

For a further half-century Cuba continued to exploit slave labour.

Then in 1868 Cuba herself abolished slavery, and so the situation between Cuba and the British West Indies became again more or less equal.

Cane sugar is still Cuba's chief product, though she now has rivals not only in the British West Indies, but in the island of Mauritius, in the Indian Ocean. Though the cane takes longer to reach maturity there than in Cuba, the output of Mauritius is such that she was sending us a quarter of a million tons annually before the war.

Cuba is an ideal spot for sugar growing. There the soil is so fertile that some of the fields have been in constant production for over a century. Irrigation and fertilisation are seldom needed. Machinery has been devised for some of the work, but with little success; so the ploughing is still done by oxen, and the planting and harvesting by hand.

For the first plantings furrows are made and the lengths of cane put in by hand. In a little over a year it is ready for harvesting, and after that come smaller perennial harvestings for three or four years. Then, weeds and stubble from the last crop having been burned, the oxen are again brought into commission, furrowing begins, and so the replenishing of the world's sugar bowl goes on.

THE GOOD SEEDLING

An elderly strawberry-grower in the great fruit-producing area of the Tamar Valley between Devon and Cornwall was digging up a piece of disused road on his holding when he found some seedlings which must have sprung from the seeds of a strawberry dropped by a bird.

There were 60 seedlings altogether, and he planted them in his garden. Only one survived. He was proud of it and tended it carefully. Year by year he took the runners or baby plants from the parent and its offspring. He planted them, too.

The result is that the one good seedling found in the old road ten years ago has yielded 16,000 healthy plants and heavy crops.

But there is more in it than that! The chance discovery may prove of immense value to strawberry-growers.

For years a disease, known as red core, has destroyed plants by the thousand. It attacks the roots and then the plants die. The disease was so widespread and devastating in the Tamar Valley that it was feared the end of an industry, begun over 80 years ago, was in sight.

Immune to Disease

Horticultural experts and scientists were called in, and experiments were made in quest of a disease-resisting plant.

Mr Friendship, for that is the grower's name, now claims that, so far, his plants which originated from the tiny seedling have withstood the disease. Some of them were even planted in ground known to be infected with red core. They lived while other varieties perished! His claim has been investigated by experts, who agree that his speciality is vigorous and healthy, producing early strawberries of good flavour.

He is thinking of calling his plant The Friendship!

Going Down



A diver shows the correct way to descend for a training film on deep-sea diving at Silver Springs, Florida.

The Editor's Table

CHRISTIANITY'S BIRTHDAY

WHITSUN is the birthday of the Christian Church. What exactly happened in that upper room when the power of the Holy Spirit came upon the Disciples will always be argued about. But its effects are not in dispute; out of that experience the Christian Church was born and began its expansion round the world.

At the first Whitsuntide a new wonder was born. It was the wonder of a group of people banded together to spread an idea—the idea that love and brotherhood matter more than anything else. It was and still is the most powerful idea the world has ever known.

In a thousand languages, in every continent and island, Christianity has proclaimed its message. Many millions of people of all races believe the message to be the one hope for the fulfilment of mankind's fairest dreams. Yet the world is not yet Christian.

HAS the idea failed? Christianity has never been thoroughly tried anywhere in all the two thousand years of its history. That is the plainest answer. If Christianity seems to have failed it is chiefly because it has not been put into practice.

Has the wonder of Whitsun grown dim? There are perhaps many things which might be different in the Christian Church. Its divisions are a drawback, and often it seems to lack the enthusiasm of the first group in the upper room at Jerusalem. But the truth about the Church cannot be known except by belonging to it. Its true life is revealed only to those who belong to the fellowship.

WHITSUN is the birthday of the most daring adventure in history. It is an adventure without end, leading on over all the frontiers. It is also a youthful adventure. For the Christian Church is always renewing itself through the youth who join its ranks and pledge their loyalty to its Lord and Leader.

This is Gill Sans

OPINIONS may differ widely on the sculptures by Eric Gill, but most people will agree, we think, on the beauty of the type he designed, known as Gill Sans. This type was used in an edition of the New Testament published in 1934 and it appears in many places in the C.N. The heading above is an example.

Now British Railways have adopted it for all the standard signs on their stations, the large signs placed at the incoming ends of platforms having letters twelve inches high. Every title used on railway stations—Buffet, Left Luggage, and so on—will be in Gill Sans. This is a notable step toward tidying-up the jumble of so many railway stations.

Women Preachers

THE question of allowing women to conduct prayers, or give an address in church, was discussed recently at the Convocation of Canterbury at which the Archbishop of Canterbury said:

"Is woman by her own nature of such a kind that she cannot and is incapable of taking in the Church the position of leading the prayers, reading the word of God, or giving an address? Is that a thing no woman can do? I am bound to say there is no ground on which it is conceivably possible to say that it is inherently beyond the rights or powers of a woman."

"There is nothing which forbids a woman, suitably qualified and in suitable circumstances, to take this part in the services of the Church. It would be disastrous if we were to appear unwilling to accept this aid from qualified and willing women if there is a need for it."

There are many who are convinced that that need already exists, and also that there are women in every respect competent to fulfil it.

CAPITAL OF THE ARTS

LONDON is indeed a place of pilgrimage for art lovers now.

In addition to the R.A., the R.B.A., and other exhibitions of contemporary paintings, there is the fine show of 19th-century Dutch pictures at the Guildhall.

But outshining them all are the marvellous Vienna treasures at the Tate and the Munich pictures at the National Gallery; and the opportunity of seeing them should not be missed by those who can get to London at the present time.

It is strange to reflect that both these priceless collections have been lent to us by enemy cities, and now adorn galleries which but a few short years ago were being blasted by enemy bombs. Civilisation marches on.

Under the E



PETER PUCK WANTS TO KNOW

If a watchmaker works overtime

THE Australian Prime Minister says the task of securing more meat for Britain will be tough. Hope the meat isn't.

STRONG-MINDED people persist in taking their own line. Particularly when they are going fishing.

A LADY has been giving fashion tips to business girls. They will spend them in style.

MITCHAM is trying to find for its Common a type of seat that cannot be torn to pieces. It will have to come down to earth.

LOUDSPEAKERS AT ST PAUL'S

A NEW system for improving the acoustics of St Paul's Cathedral has been installed. Previous tests with loudspeakers placed at different points throughout the great cathedral have proved a failure, for they roused echoes which muffled the voice at the microphone.

Recently it was found that the most effective place for the loudspeakers was under the seats, but this provided complications with wiring. The seating arrangements in St Paul's often

have to be altered, and the seats are regularly removed for floor-washing; moreover, wires could not be laid along the floor.

A solution was found by using magnetism as an invisible link between the microphone and the various loudspeakers in place of the usual wires. A series of large wire loops in the crypt magnify the small currents radiating from the microphone and create a magnetic field which penetrates the floor of the cathedral. The currents from the wire loops induce similar currents in the copper band which encircles each row of seats equipped with a loudspeaker and then are fed directly to the loudspeaker, which converts the currents back into sound.

About 100 loudspeakers have been installed. The number in action at any one time can be varied according to the size of the congregation, which itself has a considerable effect upon the acoustics.

FIVE FURRY FRIENDS

TWO cats at Appledore, Kent, recently decided to bring up a baby rabbit along with their own two kittens. The cats, the kittens, and the rabbit all drink together from the same saucer, and mother cats and kittens all share in washing the little stranger. They also curl up all together in their basket or an armchair.

THINGS SAID

IT is probably true that patience is the strongest ally of statesmanship. *Anthony Eden, M P*

SOME children still reach the compulsory leaving age without being able to read or write. *Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Education*

YOUR legal procedure is, of course, superb. There are four judges in London doing the same work that we have 30 judges for in New York.

Thomas Dewey, Governor of New York State

FATHERS should learn to bath the baby.

Dr Herbert Gray, Chairman of National Marriage Guidance Council

THE British Empire is today a very impressive phenomenon. In such co-ordination lies the whole future of the world.

German author Thomas Mann

Cyclists' Problems

CYCLISTS and their rights are to be discussed at an international convention on road traffic. It will be proposed at the World Road Conference next August that cyclists should ride in single file where circumstances require this, and never more than two abreast, except in special cases provided for in a country's own legislation. It is also to be proposed that cyclists should use cycle tracks.

Cyclists have as much right on the roads as anyone else, and many resent the idea that they should not ride two abreast, feeling, rightly, that it is up to car drivers to observe as much care in passing cyclists as in passing other vehicles. At the same time it is better to be safe than sorry, and it is certainly wise to ride in single file when a car is heard approaching.

JUST AN IDEA

As Francis Bacon wrote, A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.

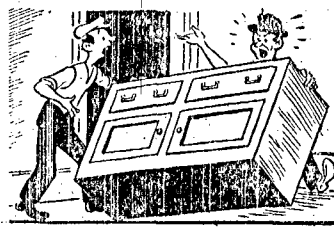
Editor's Table

NEW roses were to be seen at the Chelsea Flower Show. The old ones were dead.

A TEN-YEAR-OLD boy is said to eat anything he can lay hands on. A hand-to-mouth existence.

PEOPLE in the U S A are buying railway wagons for homes. Anxious to move.

A JOURNALIST wrote an article on the Mystery of the Missing Cream. Some readers skimmed it.



TWO men quarrelled over a piece of furniture. Should have moved it out of the way.

Coloured Roads

THE Mall, London's famous road, which runs from Buckingham Palace to the Admiralty Arch, is being coloured to harmonise with the green of the surrounding trees, bushes, and grass of St James's Park.

The roadway is being given a new surface of asphalt which is reddish-brown in colour—a pleasant shade with green. It is hoped that the newly-coloured road will be ready in time for the ceremony of Trooping the Colour on June 9.

This is a delightful innovation and perhaps in days to come colour schemes will be adopted not only for roads but for pavements, advertisements, vehicles, and buildings as well.

The effect of living in harmoniously-coloured surroundings would be of enormous benefit to our minds and nerves.

HIKERS—AND LITTER LOUITS

THE countryside trekkers that we in Britain know as hikers are "bushwalkers" in Australia, and they are increasing in numbers.

Australia's bushwalkers often include whole families. In addition to enjoying healthy outdoor exercise, they study nature in the bush, and in some cases organise camps.

These bushwalkers have deliberately avoided the designation of "hikers"; and the reason for this is interesting. Hikers, they say, are the people who leave bits of orange peel, scraps of uneaten food, and paper about the countryside—Litter Louits, in fact.

We should be sorry to think that the term "hiker" has become synonymous with "Litter Louit."

Australia's criticism, therefore, is something of a challenge to all who call themselves hikers, wherever they may be.

Riches in June

HE who hath a well-appointed garden in June hath an estate worth a king's ransom.

THEY who work hard in June Reap rich harvests soon.

CALM weather in June sets corn in tune

ONE field in the June weather Is worth all the gold ye gather. *Old-Time Sayings*

YOUNG COMPANY

I LOVE the acquaintance of young people; because in the first place I do not like to think myself growing old. In the next place young acquaintances must last longest, if they do last; and then, sir, young men have more virtue than old men; they have more generous sentiments in every respect.

Dr Johnson

WELL DONE

ENOUGH, if something from our hands have power.

To live, and act, and serve the future hour. *Wordsworth*



Water Baby

Mr Edward Bainbridge-Copnall with his prize-winning design for a fountain to be erected in Victoria Park, London.

WHIT MONDAY AT WHITE CITY

TEAMS from America, France, Belgium, Holland, Norway, and Great Britain will compete in the extensive programme of track and field events at the White City on Whit Monday.

Among the famous athletes who have accepted invitations to appear at this great meeting are Marcel Hansenne, French half-miler; Gaston Reiff, the wonderful Belgian distance runner; Willi Slykhuus, the popular Dutchman who was third in the 1500 and 5000 metres at the last Olympiad; and a brilliant American team which will include the great miler Fred Wilt, and Harrison Dillard, the fleet-footed dusky record-breaker who won the Olympic 100-metres title.

Dillard has expressed a desire to attack both the 100-yards flat and the 120-yards hurdles records at the White City on Whit Monday. Whether he sets up new figures or not, our own Jack Gregory, the English Rugby international, will have to produce something extra if he is to hold Dillard in the sprint; and Don Finlay, evergreen star of hurdles, will find Dillard his sternest test ever.

Making the Desert Bloom

THE story has recently been told in Australia of a discovery which may well change many of the world's deserts into fertile lands.

It has been made by the Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Association, and the scene of the experiments was 6000 square miles of desert in South Australia, half of which had been abandoned as a total loss to farming of any kind.

The secret of this seeming miracle has been the application of minute quantities of cobalt, copper, and zinc to the desert land. These minerals are cheap and plentiful.

As the result of the CSIRA experiments, it has been possible to sow wheat and clover successfully on desert land in South Australia. After the wheat has been harvested, the clover remains as pasture for sheep. Furthermore, the land has become fertile beyond all expectations.

Experts believe that, following this discovery, South Australia alone will be able to fatten five million more sheep.

All the World Still Dances to Their Music

FOR well over a century the world has danced to the music of two men named Johann Strauss, father and son, and the world has special reason this year for recalling their memory with gratitude; for Johann the elder died in Vienna, city of his birth, a hundred years ago (September 1849), and Johann the younger died there on June 3, just fifty years ago.

Johann Strauss the father, composer of the famous Radetsky March and of over 150 waltzes, died when he was only 45; but his short career was dazzlingly successful, and had he been told that the fame of his son Johann would one day outstrip his own he might well have scoffed.

Johann the first was well-known in England, where he gave scores of concerts and set all our ancestors waltzing. Only once—at Sheffield—did he fail to draw a full house, and there, immediately after his departure, realising how great a man they had misjudged and neglected, the leading citizens sent a deputation of horsemen galloping to summon him back from Leeds.

Thames Farewell

After he had given his final concert in London, a flotilla of boats, loaded with his admirers, and with music playing, accompanied him down the Thames on his way home. Yet, strangely enough, he vowed that none of his sons, Johann, Joseph, and Edward, should practise music professionally.

They all defied him, and made good in the best story-book manner.

Young Johann, the greatest of them all, was dumped on a banker's stool in Vienna and told to stay there. But secretly he studied both the violin and practical composition, and there was no holding him back. There was no mistaking the fact that young Johann was a musical genius, as composer, player, and conductor. Even when he was six, he composed a waltz that he had the delight of playing at a concert to honour his 50th birthday. He was born to create lovely melodies, tunes which reflected all the gaiety of old

Vienna—in waltzes and other dances, in marches, and in operettas. His famous old Blue Danube Waltz and the operetta Die Fledermaus (The Bat) remain as fresh and charming to us today as when they were first composed.

After his father's death, young Johann Strauss combined his orchestra with his own, and gave concerts in London and all over the Continent. New works were constantly flowing from his teeming brain, and each fresh dance went its melodious way throughout the world. In the realm of more serious music he was for years responsible for the State concerts in Vienna.

We still rejoice in his music. Ballroom dances have changed, as fashions have changed, but the world's affection for the music of Strauss has not changed.

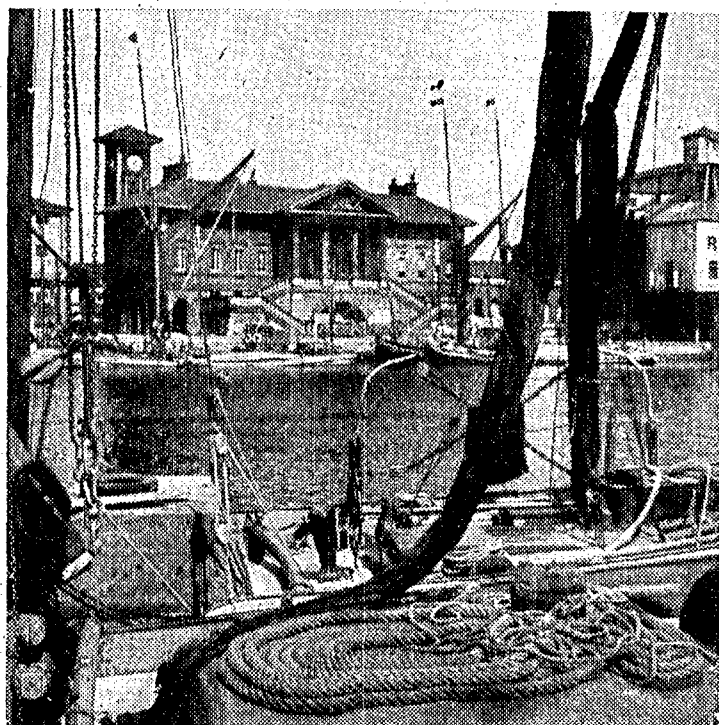
Vienna, too, has changed, beyond all reckoning. But the carefree spirit of the old city lingers on—in the music of Johann Strauss, father and son.

HOW MANY WORMS TO A FOOT?

IN the well-farmed valley of the Waikato River, where much of New Zealand's milk is made into butter for Britain, earthworms play a most valuable part in making the good soil even more fertile.

Scientists have been counting these worms, and have found as many as 120 in a square foot of soil underneath the grass. This, they say, is a greater earthworm population than would be found in England or America.

There are probably from 2,000,000 to 5,000,000 earthworms living under every acre of good New Zealand pasture.



THIS ENGLAND

Docks and Customs House at Ipswich in Suffolk

Hittite History Revealed

It is just 150 years ago since one of Napoleon's officers discovered the famous Rosetta Stone with the parallel inscriptions in Greek and Egyptian hieroglyphics which provided the key to the numerous and historically valuable inscriptions on Egyptian monuments.

Now Professor Bossert, Director of the Department for Near-Eastern Studies at the University of Istanbul, announces the discovery of stone panels bearing parallel inscriptions in old Phoenician and Hittite hieroglyphic script.

Although there is a great wealth of Hittite script surviving it has never been satisfactorily deciphered, and historians have had to rely mainly on the Bible for an account of this ancient people, which flourished in the Near East about 3000 years ago. As a consequence of this discovery a gap of about six centuries in the history of Syria and Anatolia will be bridged.

A King's Stronghold

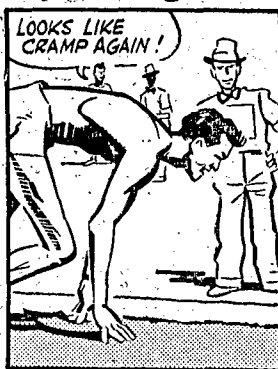
The find was made at a fort near Karatepe, in the foothills of the Taurus Mountains. From the inscriptions we know that the stronghold was built by King Asitawandas who claims to be of the dynasty of Mopsos, a family which was only known to us previously through the medium of Greek legend. We know that King Asitawandas must have reigned before 730 B.C. and was probably the last King of the Danuna before the country was invaded by the Assyrians about 725 B.C.

Excavations have also revealed other panels bearing interesting sculptures in relief. Scenes from court life are depicted in some detail. One panel presents the king seated in royal state at a banquet. A line of servants is approaching him bearing various dishes—in the case of two it is clearly a roasted duck and a hare—while an orchestra plays and two servants waft annoying flies from the royal brow. Other panels display men engaged in different pursuits, fishing, hunting deer, catching birds, or locked in mortal conflict.

Steps to Sporting Fame



A world record was broken recently when Mel Patton ran 220 yards in 20.2 seconds. The previous best was 20.3.

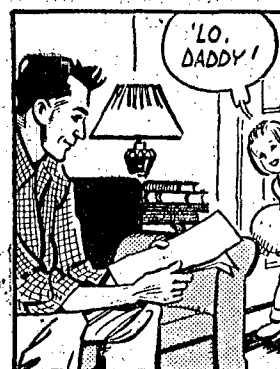


"Pell-Mel," as Patton is known in USA, is a naturally fast runner, but in 1947 attacks of cramp warned him that he was racing too much. His average stride is 7 ft 2 ins.



We saw him in the Olympic Games. Beaten into 5th place in the 100 metres, he lived up to reputation by winning the 200 metres, completing the dash in 21.1 seconds.

Mel Patton



Patton lives in Beverly Hills with his pretty wife and small daughter, Susan. He is studying for a physical education degree at the University of Southern California.

Learning by Shorthand

An interesting educational experiment is being tried in 15 schools in the British Zone of Germany where the children, instead of starting by learning the alphabet and how to write, are being taught a new form of shorthand.

This shorthand, known as "sprechspur" (literally "speaking tracks"), was invented in 1927 by Dr Fritz Hoeke, of Wuppertal, and is now receiving its first large-scale trial. The first results, apparently, have been very encouraging. Children who have been taught by the sprechspur method have in their powers of reading shot ahead of children taught by the ordinary method.

In learning sprechspur children are first shown that all sounds have a form. They learn from their teacher how to trace the different forms in the air with their fingers and then commit them to paper. In a little over six months they can usually write down a series of sentences that are dictated to them. Only then do they go on to the alphabet and the ordinary means of reading and writing, which they pick up at an astonishing rate.

IN FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS

The people living near the "Baggy Burn" at Old Kilpatrick, in Dumbartonshire, had a surprise the other day when they saw 18-year-old Alice Howard fishing for minnows and taking them away in a jam jar.

Alice had come over on a visit from America, with a list of instructions from her father, whose early home was Old Kilpatrick, and one of them was to go fishing in the Baggy Burn and to bring a jar of minnows back to her home at Newark, near New York. "It'll bring back a breath of old Scotland to me," he told her.

Another request was that Alice should go and see her father's former football team in action. And she promised, too, to sing one Sunday with the church choir. Her fourth visit was to a local fishing spot where she "guddled" for trout just as her dad had done when he was a boy.

THE ENGLISH PRAYER BOOK'S 400 YEARS

OUR Prayer Book celebrates its 400th anniversary this month, and the occasion is being marked in Anglican Communion throughout the world. In the British Museum there is a special exhibition which includes five editions, published in 1549, the revised editions of 1552 and 1602, and also service books used before the Reformation.

The first Book of Common Prayer was the outcome of the labours of the bishops and others appointed in 1542 to examine, revise, and translate the ancient

service books into an English form acceptable to the people.

The communion service, a revision of the Latin missal, was issued in March 1548 and came into immediate use at Easter, Edward the Sixth having been on the throne some 15 months. Later in the year the committee submitted to Convocation the complete book.

It was at once approved, and an Act of Parliament ordained its use in all churches on and after Whit Sunday, 1549, which fell that year on June 9.

A complete contemporary statement of the revisers' motives may be read in the two chapters entitled Concerning the Services of the Church, and Of Ceremonies, at the beginning of our present Prayer Book. The most striking passages here are those insisting on the plan for reading over the whole Bible once every year, and the adoption of a "uniform quiet and godly order" of worship for the whole realm.

The new book did not prove acceptable to many parish priests, least of all to those trained in the old religious houses, and some of these stirred up resentment against the book by an irreverent and ludicrous sing-song recital of the words so that people declared it was like a Christmas game.

It was a troubled period in England's economic history, and several outbreaks, in which social and religious grievances were strangely intermingled, took place in the eastern counties and the West of England. The Devonshire rebels demanded the suppression of the Bible and the new Prayer Book and the return of the old Latin services, though Cranmer explained that the new book was only the ancient service in a new dress. In spite of these troubles, however, the vast majority of both clergy and people welcomed the new book.

A Maker of Violins

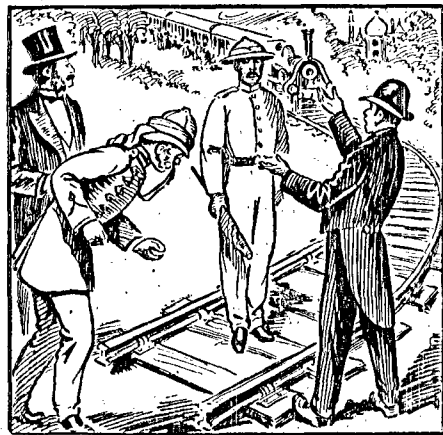
MR HENRY BRIGGS, whose old violin-maker's shop in the heart of Glasgow was a favourite haunt of violin connoisseurs, has retired in his seventy-first year, and there is no one in Scotland to take over the business. Mr Briggs says that during his sixty years in the trade no boy apprentice has appeared to carry on what is a dying profession in Scotland, although there are about 200 amateur makers of violins.

In America Mr Briggs is well-known to violin-lovers. Two years ago he flew to USA to confer with American experts in instrument-making and broadcast while there. What especially

interested Americans was his rare dragon's-blood rosin and amber oil varnish which is fifty years old, and with which he treats his violins. Some wood just as old, which was chosen long ago by his father in the same Glasgow shop for its quality and close-grained texture, is now going to America where wood of such maturity is hardly to be found.

Mr Briggs has had many tempting offers to carry on his craft elsewhere, but after a serene life spent in his instrument-littered little shop he is content to retire to his favourite bull terriers and his rose garden at Innellan.

ROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—Jules Verne's Great Story, Told in Pictures



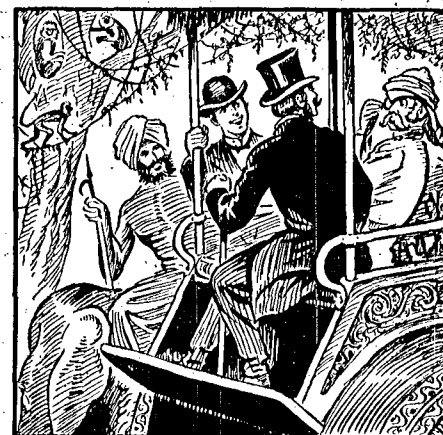
Fix went to report Jean to the Indian police. Mr Fogg and Jean meanwhile left Bombay by train for Calcutta. But at Kholby, halfway across India, the train stopped. The newspaper report Mr Fogg had read of the line across India being completed, which had made him embark on this journey, was wrong! Passengers had to provide their own transport to Allahabad, 50 miles on, where the railway started again.



Mr Fogg was not upset. "I have two days in hand," he said, "the steamer does not leave Calcutta for Hong Kong till the 25th, this is only the 22nd, and we shall reach Calcutta in plenty of time." He bargained with an Indian for an elephant, for which he had to pay £2000 from his store of banknotes. He hired a Parsee driver and Jean and another passenger, Brigadier General Cromarty, set out for Allahabad.



Later, they were riding through a dense forest when they heard a crowd approaching. Their driver said they had better hide, and he led the elephant to a deep thicket. From there they saw the funeral procession of a rajah pass. "It is a suttee," said Cromarty, and he explained, sadly, that the woman who was being led was the rajah's widow, who must allow herself to be burned on the funeral pyre.



Their driver said that this widow was not willing to be burned. She was the daughter of a Bombay merchant. An orphan, she had been married to the old rajah against her will. When he died she had tried to escape, but had been recaptured. Mr Fogg said coolly, "Suppose we were to save this woman? I have still 12 hours to spare." "We shall be tortured if we are caught," said the driver to Mr Fogg.

What Chance Has Mr Fogg of Saving the Widow and Catching the Boat? See Next Week's Instalment

The Children's Newspaper, June 4, 1949

A new complete story of BILL and JILL, the C N twins



They know somebody who is . . . *Too Helpful by Half*

Told by Frank S. Pepper



BILL WATSON did his best to smother a yawn, then he shivered.

"Brrrrr!" he said. "What an unearthly hour to have to get up. It's hardly daylight yet. I feel as if I haven't been to bed at all."

"Me, too," agreed his twin sister, Jill. "But we'll feel better after we've had breakfast, though it's really a shame that Mrs Priskett should have to get up so early. Still, we did offer to get our own breakfast, but she insisted."

Uncle Dick looked apologetically at the twins.

"I'm sorry about this," he confessed. "Perhaps I should have been more firm with Uncle Joe last night. But he's so stubborn. He's a nice chap really, he means well; but he will interfere so, and insist on managing other people's lives for them."

"Don't worry, Uncle Dick," begged Jill. "I expect we shall have a very nice day, even though we shan't be able to go to Windsor as we'd planned."

UNCLE DICK and Uncle Joe were brothers, but no one would have guessed it for they were quite unlike each other. Uncle Joe was a busybody who just couldn't help meddling in other people's affairs.

Uncle Joe had called round on Uncle Dick and the twins the previous evening. On hearing that they planned a day sight-seeing at Windsor Castle he had begun at once to pick holes in the scheme and to arrange quite a different outing. Uncle Joe was the type of man who wouldn't take "No" for an answer. In the end, for the sake of peace, Uncle Dick had given in.

Uncle Joe was bringing his car; he was going to take them for a day in the country.

"Just leave it all to me," he said.

It was Uncle Joe, too, who had fixed the time for starting. It hadn't occurred to him to ask his guests what time they would like to start.

"Nothing like an early start," he declared boisterously. "We'll get away as soon as it's daylight."

THE sound of a car horn floated up from the street.

"He's here already!" gasped Jill in dismay.

A few moments later Uncle Joe came bouncing into the room, beaming with self-satisfaction.

"Glad to see that you did as you were told!" he boomed. "Are we all ready?"

"We didn't expect you quite so soon," confessed Jill. "We haven't had breakfast yet."

"Breakfast? It's too early yet for breakfast. We'll have it on the road. I've packed a picnic basket!" cried Uncle Joe.

"But Mrs Priskett—" began Jill.

"Now look, don't let's start the day with arguments!" pleaded Uncle Joe in a pained manner. "Just leave it all to me—I'll take

care of everything. We're going to have a good day."

At that moment Mrs Priskett came up the stairs with the breakfast tray. With a lordly gesture Uncle Joe indicated that she should take the breakfast straight downstairs again.

"Now look here, Joe," protested Uncle Dick. "Mrs Priskett has very kindly got up an hour early so that we could have breakfast—"

"Did I make any arrangements about breakfast?" demanded Uncle Joe in his overpowering manner. "No. Very well, then—you should have left it to me. Come on, we're wasting time."

THERE was no arguing with anyone like Uncle Joe. He just dominated everybody. As they all filed downstairs Jill managed to whisper apologies to the angry landlady. Jill wondered grimly to herself how many more people Uncle Joe would upset before the outing was over. It promised to be a trying day.

They all got into the car. Uncle Dick sat beside his brother in the front. The twins sat in the back. They had been given no chance to choose where they should go.

In an hour they were well clear of London's suburbs, spinning through the Surrey countryside. It had to be said in Uncle Joe's favour that he had picked a very pretty route, but the twins weren't able to appreciate the scenery. They were feeling ravenously hungry. At last, by a stretch of common, they stopped for their picnic breakfast.

It wasn't long before another motorist came along. He pulled up.

"Excuse me—could you tell me how to get to Brighton?" he asked.

"Out for the day?" queried Uncle Joe cheerily. "Well, now, you turn to the left here. Carry on for about five miles, bear left by the fork at the farmhouse. Then straight on."

"And that will get me to Brighton?" asked the motorist.

"Oh, no. You don't want to go to Brighton," argued Uncle Joe.

"But I do!"

"No, no no!" insisted Uncle Joe. "Now I'll tell you where you want to go—"

"I've a good mind to tell you where you ought to go! You interfering numskull!" roared the other, driving off in a rage.

Uncle Joe sat down again, looking shocked and angry.

"Such rudeness!" he said. "He seemed to think he knew better than I did!"

They finished breakfast and drove on until they came to a pleasant, sleepy little market town. Uncle Joe parked the car in the railway station yard and announced that he was taking them all for a cup of coffee.

As they strolled along the High Street they saw a man inspecting the price tag on a lawn-mower outside an iron-monger's.

Uncle Joe stopped and nudged the man's arm.

"You don't want to buy that," he said.

"No?" roared the man. "Who asked you to interfere?"

"You want to go to that shop across the street," Uncle Joe continued unabashed. "They've got Zippo mowers, which are much better than these Whizzbangs. You want to buy a Zippo."

"I don't want to buy a Zippo. I don't want to buy any kind of



OFF TO THE WHITSUN CAMP

mower," howled the man. "I want to sell one! This happens to be my shop!"

The twins expected Uncle Joe to be covered in confusion, but he wasn't. He would have stayed to tell the man how to run his shop if Uncle Dick hadn't dragged him away.

"One of these days, Joe, you're going to get such a punch on the nose," Uncle Dick warned him. "You've made that chap wild, and I don't blame him."

"Why?" asked Uncle Joe innocently. "I was only being helpful."

THEY went back to the car. A train had just come in. A man was taking bundles of newspapers and magazines from the guard's van and loading them on to a small lorry.

Uncle Joe watched for a moment. Then he said:

"That's not the way to do it. He wants to stack them the other way round, otherwise they'll fall off! I'll tell him!"

To the relief of Uncle Dick and the twins the man with the lorry drove off before Uncle Joe could speak to him.

They returned to the car and continued the journey. They had gone about two miles when Uncle Joe suddenly put his foot

on the brake. At a cross-roads a small bundle of newspapers lay lying by a signpost.

"What did I tell you?" he demanded. "That fellow is losing his papers! Jump out, Bill, and put them in the car. We'll try to catch him up."

"I don't think we ought to touch them!" protested Bill.

Uncle Joe, however, insisted on Bill jumping out. He told him to dump them in the luggage compartment. Then he drove away at top speed.

A MILE further on they came upon another bundle of papers at the corner of a narrow lane. Uncle Joe stopped and made Bill pick up the bundle.

In the next twelve miles they retrieved more bundles of papers. Then they reached a wayside café. The lorry was parked outside. Uncle Joe stopped and went in. The driver was sipping a mug of coffee.

"You've been dropping bundles of newspapers all along the road," Uncle Joe said.

"I know," said the driver.

Uncle Joe reeled a little.

"You know?" he gasped. "Then you deserved to lose them—sheer carelessness! Lucky for you I was following behind. I've picked them up."

"You've done what?" hooted the driver, springing to his feet.

"Picked them up," repeated Uncle Joe firmly.

"Who asked you to interfere?" thundered the lorry driver. "I'll have you know I was delivering those papers! I haven't the time or the petrol to visit all these outlying places, so I leave the bundles at the nearest road junction, and the village shopkeepers collect them. A fine mess you've made of everything! Where are these papers?"

UNCLE JOE gestured dumbly at his car. He opened the luggage compartment. Then he made a gurgling noise. The compartment was empty! The lorry driver let out a howl.

"It's quite all right!" Jill said softly. "There were addresses on all those bundles. Bill and I realised the position and threw them straight out again."

"Lucky for you!" said the lorry driver to Uncle Joe, "that these youngsters have more sense than you have! This ought to teach you not to interfere with other people's business."

Uncle Joe was very thoughtful and subdued as he went back to the car.

"Uncle Joe, if we take this road to the right we can be in Windsor by lunch time," Jill remarked sweetly.

"Very well!" Uncle Joe said meekly. "Anything you say."

Another Bill and Jill story next week. Order your copy now.



This colouring is entirely my own work

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Address.....

Certified.....Parent/Guardian.....

C N Competition No 2

1st Prize: A BICYCLE for Colouring this Picture

10s NOTES for Runners-Up

HERE is the second of the new C N weekly competitions, with another new bicycle to be won!

This time we give all our young artists a chance to show what they can do. As usual, the competition is open to all under 17, and there is no entry fee.

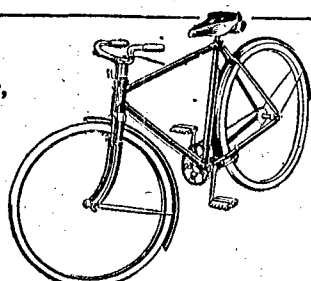
Prize Bicycle No 2 (junior model or full-size, as the winner may need) will be awarded for the best colouring—paints or crayons!—of the rose picture given here. Full allowance will be made for age.

To try for it yourself, simply cut out and colour the outline as nicely as you can, but remember that you will do better work if you paste the picture on a postcard or thick paper, and let it dry thoroughly before starting.

Cut out the panel whole—that is, picture and coupon together—fill in the coupon plainly in ink, and get it signed. Then post your completed effort to: C N Competition No 2, Room 171, The Fleetway House, London, E C 4 (Comp), to reach us by Friday, June 10, the Closing Date.

Competition open to all readers under 17 in Great Britain, Northern Ireland, and Channel Islands. Each reader may make one attempt only. Editor's decision final.

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On a small stage, with lovely scenery and most ingenious lighting, nine little figures acted the familiar old story of the nasty dwarf who threatens to snatch away the baby prince unless the child's mother guesses his name. The voices for the different characters come from the orchestra pit. The speakers and singers kept time perfectly with the movements of the puppets. Ten strings worked each small figure, though some very creepy spiders needed only two strings yet were very convincing indeed. Though we were impressed by the fluency with which the Salzburg Company spoke English, unfortunately it was not always easy to understand what they said. E. G.

IN 1673 a Jesuit priest named Jacques Marquette and an explorer named Louis Joliet paddled down the Mississippi in a canoe. Now four French Rover Scouts have decided to follow their adventurous example, and they were recently officially welcomed by Dr. Arthur Schuck, chief executive of Boy Scouts of America.

D. J. HANSON (Dept. C.N.40),
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The Children's Newspaper, June 4, 1949



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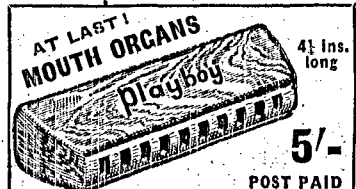
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THE SWEEP An Odd Tale From Cornwall

THE chimney of a certain Cornish cottage is always troublesome to sweep. It is an awkward, crooked chimney, and the brush never seems to do what Cornish folk call "a proper job."

The sweep, who tried conclusions with it a few weeks ago, went away dissatisfied. "Worst chimney I've ever tackled," said he. Another sweep was called in some days later, but there was little improvement. True, he collected a pile of soot but the chimney still filled the kitchen with smoke.

The other morning, when the cottager came downstairs, she found soot "all over the place," and on the window-sill was the nocturnal sweep, winking and blinking at her, and shaking soot from his mottled plumes.

Breathing a word of thanks, she opened the window and away he flew, still winking—blinking.

There has been no trouble since, and the cottager is hoping Master Owl will call again when there is more sweeping to do!

Biggest Wooden Building?

NEW ZEALAND has long claimed its four-storeyed Government Buildings in Wellington to be the biggest wooden structure in the world.

Kauri timber, one of the most durable in the world, was used for the outer walls of this outsize in wooden buildings. Now, after more than seventy years of braving the strong winds of New Zealand's capital, the Government Buildings have been brightened up with a coat of paint. No fewer than 485 gallons of paint were used.

A Present Help in Trouble

ONCE again the Society of Friends, better known as Quakers, has come forward to aid suffering humanity. They are literally saving the lives of countless Arab refugees from Palestine.

In the southern area of Holy Land round Gaza, once a city of the Philistines, are nearly a quarter of a million Arab refugees, with nothing to do, little to eat, no proper homes.

In this cauldron of misery men and women of the American Friends Service Committee, including a few British, are doing their Christian work—helping to feed the people, providing medical attention, teaching the children, and giving comfort and hope.

The Quakers have organised 22 schools in this refugee area; but the teaching is necessarily primitive. The children have to learn their lessons by heart.

United Nations must tackle this problem seriously and thoroughly. In the meantime the never-failing Society of Friends is holding the fort against misery and death.

LITTLE HOME-MADE PLANE

AFTER spending years of spare time in their garage workshop, three young San Diego aircraft factory workers have built what they claim to be the smallest man-carrying aircraft in the world. It weighs 150 lbs, has a wing span of 15 feet, and is 13 feet long. The pilot lies prone on the back of the plane.

Two of the young men will fly it at the air pageant at Gatwick Airport on July 23, and at Sydenham Airport, Belfast, July 30.

BEDTIME CORNER

Mr Portly's Garden

How Mr Portly loved the warm spring weather! Every day he found something new to have fun with out of doors. But best fun of all was gardening.

At least, that is what he thought at first when he helped Ann and Christopher as they weeded their own little gardens. He pounced on the weeds they threw out on the path, and shook them and bit them, and held them in his front paws while he "bicycled" at them with his hind ones. And then he finished by scuffling and rolling on the newly-dug soil.

But he didn't think it fun when Daddie came out next evening and gardened too! Because then he got shouted at for biting the new pansy roots Daddie had laid on the path before planting them. Next he got told off for scuffling where Daddie had sown poppies and marigolds.

And finally he got slapped three days in succession for rolling and then sleeping on

the tops of the cottons Daddie had wound round twigs to keep the sparrows off the newly-sown peas!

"But he must have somewhere to sleep in the garden," Ann said tearfully the third time Daddie was cross.

"Then let's give Mr Portly a garden of his own where he can go without hurting anything," suggested Christopher.



So they chose an empty bit of flowerbed under a flowering currant which would shelter him in the hottest part of the day. Then they put him there and patted him, saying: "Good cat!" till he dozed off to sleep.

And for the next few days every time they found him on the seed beds they said sharply: "Bad cat!" and took him to his own garden. Then they stroked him, saying: "Good cat!" till he settled down happily.

And by the end of the week Mr Portly had learned perfectly where his garden was, and where Daddie's garden was.

A Letter from ENID BLYTON

Dear Children,—As soon as the news got round that little Rubbalong would soon end his adventures in the London Evening Standard you immediately flooded me with letters about what you wanted next. "An adventure story, please! A circus book! Another tale about the Faraway Tree! Could you think of another school story?" And again and again in your letters came this: "Couldn't you possibly write another Mystery story, with Mr Goon the policeman in, and Patty and the others—and you won't forget Buster the dog, will you?"

Well, well! I'd certainly like to please everyone—so I've written you another mystery book, the Mystery of the Pantomime Cat, and every week you will get a nice long chapter in the Evening Standard. Just see if you can solve the mystery before the children in the book solve it!

I know you like me to write you something almost every day in your paper, so for the younger children I have written a completely new strip-picture serial, about Mr Tumpy and his remarkable caravan. It has feet instead of wheels, so you just imagine the adventures Mr Tumpy has, with Bits his dog, and Mr Spells his wizard friend. Many of you wrote and asked for a strip about your favourites—Josie, Click and Bun, or the Three Golliwogs, or Mr Pink-Whistle—so I have put them all in for you, and you will meet them once more in the strip pictures as the story unfolds.

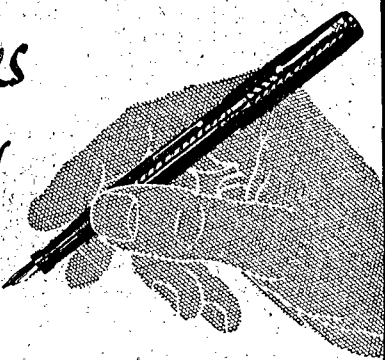
My love and best wishes to you all,

Enid Blyton

Mr Tumpy's Caravan, the new Enid Blyton strip picture serial, begins in the Evening Standard on Monday, June 6.

The first instalment of Enid Blyton's new Mystery Book, "The Mystery of the Pantomime Cat" will appear in the Evening Standard on Friday, June 10.

Full marks for clear writing



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THE BRAN TUB

NOT SO PUBLIC

The young man walked into the tailor's shop.

"May I try on a suit in the window?" he asked of the salesman.

The salesman hesitated. "Well, sir," he said, "if you don't mind, we would rather you try it on in the dressing-room."

PAT AND HIS BAT

BRAGGED a boastful young schoolboy named Pat, "Now I'll show all you chaps how to bat."

But the very first ball he did not see at all, and his stumps were knocked perfectly flat.

Straight to the Point

You will find it easy enough to draw five straight lines which will go through every dot in this drawing without lifting your pen or pencil from the paper, but can you join the dots with only four straight lines?

Answer next week

FARMER GRAY EXPLAINS

Kingfisher Oddities. From the direction of the stream came a clear whistle. Like a streak of chestnut and blue fire, a bird darted past.

"A Kingfisher!" exclaimed Don in delight.

"Yes; there is no mistaking those brilliant colours," agreed Farmer Gray. "With his huge bill and short tail, the Kingfisher's odd proportions form a strange contrast to his beautiful plumage. Incidentally, a Kingfisher can whistle though his bill may be crammed with insects or other food. Kingfishers do not build a nest. They use a tunnel, perhaps the abandoned home of a Water-vole or Sand-martin. This tunnel is plentifully sprinkled with rotten fish bones, and is a most unsavoury place."

SOUND REASON

The camper was hastily aware of his friend shaking his shoulder.

"What's the matter?" he yawned. "I was sound asleep."

"I know," said his friend. "The sound is keeping me awake."

Jacko Falls From Grace



JACKO was lending a hand on the farm by whitewashing the barn. He was thoroughly enjoying himself—slapping on the whitewash with abandon and singing loudly as he worked. It was probably his singing that caused the sudden plaintive moos from the two calves inside the barn. Poor Jacko, balanced precariously on the ladder, was nearly scared out of his wits. He started, missed his footing, and down he went right into the big bucket of whitewash. Needless to say the farmer decided to dispense with Jacko's rather expensive assistance.

CADDISH

"This is a pessimistic world," said Gloomy George. "Where today, for example, can you find people smiling when things are going wrong?"

"You can find one on the golf course," said his friend, "carrying my clubs."

Catch Question

WHY is a charming girl like one letter of the alphabet in deep thought, another on its way towards you, another bearing a torch, and another singing?

Because she is a-musing, b-coming, c-lighting and d-singing.

COUNTRYSIDE FLOWERS

Greater Stitchwort

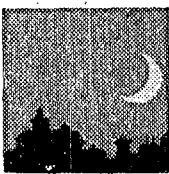
In hedgebanks and similar bushy places, the snow-white starry flowers of the greater stitchwort can be found. The five petals are so deeply cleft that at first glance there seem to be ten. They are marked with delicate green veins, and in the centre of the flower are ten yellow heads of stamens of varying lengths.

In olden times herbalists believed the plant to be an aid to cure stitch in the side. This belief accounts for the plant's name.



Other Worlds

In the evening Saturn is in the south-west and Venus is low in the west. In the morning Jupiter is in the south-east. The picture shows the Moon at 9.30 on Wednesday evening, June 1.



Poor Percy

At water polo Percy thought He'd really show his skill. He swam like mad, scored every goal—The score became ten-nil. The skipper clapped him on the back. "Come on now, Perce, take heart. Stop your dreaming. Whistle's gone—It's time to make a start."

Children's Hour

BBC Programmes from Wednesday, June 1, to Tuesday, June 7.

WEDNESDAY, 5.0 Toytown Wire-less. 5.30 Country Dance Party.

THURSDAY, 5.0 Pinocchio (5). 5.30 The Would-be-Goods (5). North, 5.30 Children's News Reel; A Competition. Welsh, 5.0 Programme in Welsh. 5.30 Junior Radio Records.

FRIDAY, 5.0 Jan Berenska and his Orchestra. 5.40 Sound Quiz. North, 5.0 Biggles in the Jungle (1).

SATURDAY, 5.0 For the Youngest Listeners—a Story; Nursery Rhymes; Serenade for Children. West, 5.0 The Cloud that Played Truant; West Country Young Artists; West Country Quiz.

SUNDAY, 5.0 Brian Vesey-Fitz-Gerald tells an animal story; Commentary on the Royal Tournament rehearsal; Margot Fonteyn talks about Ballet; Grown-ups Talking—a talk. North, 5.0 Stories and Music.

MONDAY, 5.0 This week's programmes, including The Tale of Benjamin Bunny; He Sang to a Small Guitar; Impressions. 5.40 Film Review. N. Ireland, 5.5 Peter Comes in from the Farm; News Talk; Songs; Piano. North, 5.0 Film News; Quiz. West, 5.40 The Sports Coach.

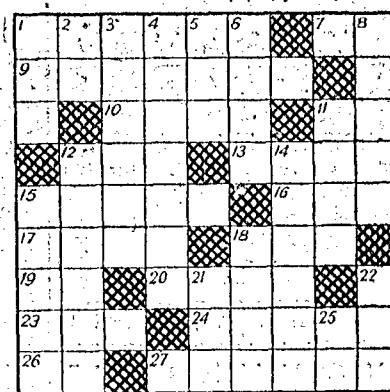
TUESDAY, 5.0 Bud and the Badgers (4). 5.10 Westcliff High School for Girls Orchestra. 5.40 World Affairs. N. Ireland, 5.0 Play-acting in the Woods—a story; Hints for young Gardeners; Songs; Competition Results. North, 5.0 Choosing a Career. Welsh, 5.0 Programme in Welsh.

Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1 Most recent. 7 Elevated. 9 Not professional. 10 Fast-climbing leguminous plant. 11 Bachelor of Arts. 12 An obstruction. 13 To send forth. 15 Consumed with fire. 16 Mineral containing a metal. 17 Collection of Icelandic poems whose anagram is dead. 18 Not even. 19 An announcement. 20 Crippled. 23 Reigning king. 24 Pithy. 26 Doctor of Divinity. 27 A kind of curdled milk.

Reading Down. 1 Boy. 2 Exist. 3 A herald's coat. 4 Everlasting. 5 Ocean. 6 A melody. 8 Shallow vessel to hold food. 11 Feathered flier. 12 Having protuberances from which leaves will grow. 14 Of our time. 15 Hirsute appendage. 18 A portent. 21 Devoured. 22 A snare. 15 Compass point.

Asterisks indicate abbreviations. Answer next week



Sink or Swim?

SAMMY SIMPLE says that he is so absent-minded that one day he fell into a river and had twice gone under before he remembered he could swim.

Maxim to Memorise

WILFUL waste makes woeful want.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWER

Welsh Towns. Neath, Tenby, Flint, Mold, Swansea, Bala, Ruthin, Holywell.

HOW GOOD A DETECTIVE ARE YOU?



Help the Three Mustardeers trace

The Stolen

WEDDING GIFTS

"ONLY seven toast-racks!" exclaimed Roger. "You'd hardly know it was a show of wedding presents if it wasn't for the detective." "But Cousin Sylvia's certainly done well out of her rich friends," said Jim, "look at that gold cigarette box." "And what lovely jewels!" declared Mary. Across the room the pianist struck up the "Blue Danube." "This is what they call a brilliant gathering," said Roger. Just then all the lights went out. But the pianist went steadily on and was halfway through "Stardust" when there was a sudden commotion. Then the lights went on. "Everybody stay where they are!" shouted the detective. "A lot of valuable presents have been stolen." "Excuse me," said the pianist, "just before the lights went on I distinctly saw somebody climbing out of that window." The detective swung aside the curtains and dashed out of the french windows. But in a few moments he returned empty-handed. "He got away," he panted. "We'd better stop the party," said Roger's Uncle, "and get in the police." "Jolly clever of you to keep on playing when the lights went out," said Roger to the pianist. "Well, I had to be careful," said the man, "I'm a stranger here and I didn't want anyone to think I'd stolen the presents. So I kept on playing." "Quite," said Roger's Uncle. "I won't keep you any longer, Mr. Allegro. We shan't want any more music." The Three Mustardeers whispered together. Then Jim and

Roger ran across and got between the detective and the exit. "We want a word with you," said Roger, "we think we can put our hands on the thief." Just then Mr. Allegro came out carrying his violin case. "And we know where the stolen property is," said Jim. He turned to Mr. Allegro. "Let me carry your case," he said, pouncing on it. The pianist tried to get away, but the detective and the boys soon overpowered him. The case burst open in the scuffle, revealing the stolen presents.

"The fellow's given away his accomplice, the waiter," said Roger's Uncle, "but how did you spot Allegro was the crook?" "He did three things wrong," said Roger, "but there's one thing I'm going to do RIGHT: put some mustard on this sausage roll. Mmmm! It is a bit of all right, too."

CAN YOU SPOT THE THREE MISTAKES? (Answers below)

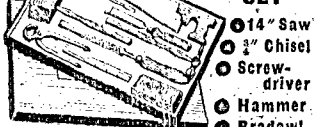


(1) The pianist claimed to have seen someone climb through the window, but you don't climb through french windows. (2) He also said that he continued playing when the lights went out so as not to be suspected of stealing the presents. How did he know that a thief was going to take place? (3) Pianists don't carry violin cases.

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